

The Children's Newspaper, January 2, 1943

GOODBYE, WONDERFUL YEAR

IN all our dark hours have been none more bitter for us all than the hours which brought in 1942. In all our great days have been none more thrilling than the days with which it swings the fateful pendulum into another year.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all our griefs away. It has swept away the shadows that engulfed us and brought us into the glory of the rising sun. Never before in all our thousand years was one like this, the year triumphant in spite of all its sorrows, its follies, its heartbreaking disasters.

We Alone

One woe has fallen upon another's heel, so fast they came. Catastrophe has bound us in its grip. We have seen our strongholds crumble and our ocean pride fall low. Saddest of all was it to see our prestige fade away on the horizon of the little peoples who looked on us as gods. So the year opened, with even America shaken by a shattering blow, with the Dutch Empire reeling at our side, with China anxious for her only open gate, with Hong Kong fallen, and Singapore the bottomless pit of woe. And when the year was halfway through the shadow of Tobruk was flung across the scene, as if our cup of sorrow was not already overflowing.

The priest's doorway into his medieval chancel was made small, it is said, to impress on him the lesson of humility, and truly we have learned the lesson well. We could hardly go on feeling ourselves lords of the earth after Pearl Harbour, Singapore, and Tobruk, so rich in folly, in blundering, and in all the elements of high tragedy. It must have seemed to any pagan spectator that we were doomed to perish.

BUT we did not perish and leave the world in the grip of evil things. Something has happened in this vital year to entitle us to believe that our civilisation is worth saving, can be saved, and will yet save mankind. It is worth while to remind ourselves once more of what we are doing in this war.

We alone, of all the Allied nations in it, are not in it because we were attacked.

Three nations are in it, with their poor satellites, because they seek to overrun the earth; all the other nations save ourselves are in it because the enemy came to devour them. We, the United Kingdom and the British Empire, five hundred million free people of the world, declared war not for ourselves, but for others. We came into it as the champions of our great tradition of defending nations against aggression. Had the other nations followed us the war would have been over long ago.

Crusaders

It has brought us measureless grief and irreparable loss, yet it is our eternal glory that we did it with eyes open and with full knowledge. If ever there was a piece of crusading on the earth it was this. We had done our best to avert the war. It is written in our record, and should be written in the skies. These are the words of our Government's Statement on Defence in 1935, when Germany was piling up the weapons to destroy the whole free world:

Every year the state of our armaments has been carefully considered, and if risks have been run they have been accepted deliberately in pursuit of the aim of permanent peace.

Let those who think we betrayed the world copy out those words and keep them ever in

their minds. Even at Munich we committed ourselves to war if it must come, well knowing the state of France and the perilous unpreparedness of our own arms. We came into war as crusaders, and through fire and tribulation mankind will reap its rich reward.

IF the way of transgressors is hard in this world, it cannot be said that the way of crusaders is easy. It is in the fires that we are purified. It is in the Valley of the Shadow that we gather our strength. It is by putting on the whole armour of God that we conquer. God knows that we have had burdens enough to bear, made heavier sometimes by those who call themselves our friends. Our offer of independence to India has been jeopardised by those who will not and snarled at by those who cannot understand. Our plans so well laid down in secret have been misconstrued. Our own people have gone on spending millions a day on drinking and smoking while the Treasury cries out for their savings. But we have not failed the cause for which we offered our strength, our wealth, and our matchless youth.

With the consciousness that civilisation must break up if we do not keep together, we have trodden the road we have laid down, and it has brought us, as this supreme year of the war is dawning, within sight of the end of the world's long toll of war. We feel that an acorn has been planted which will grow into a mighty tree and shelter in its peaceful shades all the millions yet unborn.

The Ring of Fate

As for these troublers of the world, however strong they be, the future is not for them. Fascist, Nazi, and Jap, their doom is sealed. The ring of fate is closing round them; for them the fateful pendulum can bring no hope as the new year dawns. In this desperate hour they will flicker like a candle-flame with flashes of new life, but the candle is burning dim and will go out. With it will pass the memory of the filthiest conspirators who ever stained their hands with blood and filled their cellars with loot.

AS for us, let us keep on keeping on, crusaders still and crusaders all. We shall win the war, hard though it yet may be; but victory, like freedom, is not enough. We have other things to do—to save our rising generation and to guard those who are growing old. We have to build up new life for old Europe, to break the chains of slavery, to feed the hungry populations, and to purify the poisoned atmosphere of this weary continent. We have to punish the guilty, every murderer and thief and brute among them, but more than all we have to save the nations they have crushed almost to death.

It is the crusading spirit that will do it. We must preserve our high aims. We must build up a great conviction that justice is more than liberty and righteousness more than mighty empires. We must have faith in ourselves. We must build up a consciousness of our high destiny and a unity of purpose. We must realise that the State is what we make it and that our power in the world is in the spirit with which we conduct our own lives. We must understand that upon us depends whether all this ocean of pity and suffering and cruelty and foul shame leads on to nothing but regret, or whether there follows in its train the peace that passes understanding, the life serene for all earth's toiling millions.

Arthur Mee

CHILDREN'S
NEWSPAPER

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POSTAGE
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

New Year, What Have You to Give Me?



This is little Winston Churchill setting out on what we hope will be as marvellous a journey through the world as his grandfather's

The Day Will Come PARLIAMENT AND THE BEAST

THE impressive moment when the House of Commons rose to its feet and stood in silence to mark its sympathy with the Jewish Race will long be remembered.

Mr Eden, the Foreign Secretary, read to the House a declaration signed by the Governments of 12 countries concerning the brutal mass murders of Jews by the German Government. The declaration stated that there were reports from Europe that the Germans were carrying into effect Hitler's oft-repeated intention to exterminate the Jewish people in Europe, who were being transported in conditions of appalling horror, to Eastern Europe.

In Poland, which has long been in the Nazi stranglehold, the ghettos were being emptied of all Jews except a few skilled workers needed for war work, and none of those taken away were

ever heard of again. The able-bodied were being slowly worked to death in labour camps, the old and weak left to die of starvation and cold, or to be deliberately massacred in mass executions. The number of these victims is many hundreds of thousands.

The 12 Governments, condemning in the strongest possible terms this bestial policy, affirmed their solemn resolve that those responsible should not escape retribution, and to press on with all necessary measures to secure that end.

After a short, moving speech by Mr De Rothschild, the House rose and remained standing in silence for one minute.

PLANES BY THE MILE

HENRY FORD has not usually been a friend of this country, but he is a good American, and a terrifying factor to Hitler.

Mr Ford will be 80 in 1943, but he has already begun to "deliver the goods" at his Willow Run factory in the real Ford style, only more than ever so. Though there was nothing but fields and woods at Willow Run, near Detroit, when Pearl Harbour was attacked, this place will soon be rubbing into the Japanese the lesson that even the most immediately successful treachery does not pay.

The plane factory at Willow Run is a mile long and half a mile wide. We may laugh at the amazing idea that the raw material flows in at one end, and the completed bomber emerges at the other, but this is true.

The completed bombers, 4-engined B 24's, are flown away direct. Delivery has already begun, and peak production will be achieved, far beyond any reach of Axis attack, by the time Henry Ford celebrates his 80th birthday.

When we first learned that the United States had 65,000 planes as the target for 1942, and twice that number for 1943, we could hardly believe it. Now it is coming true.

Caxton in a Suffolk Village

It has always been one of the disappointing facts in our history that we know so little of William Caxton, the boy from the Weald of Kent who set up at Westminster, in the shadow of the Abbey walls, a printing press on which he first put the English language into type. It is generally assumed that he was born at Tentreden, the son of a long line of cloth-makers, but there is no certainty.

Now, by the generosity of Lord Kemsley and the Sunday Times, the British Museum has received a series of 500-year-old documents comprising 15 Latin parchments which throw new light on Caxton's early life. It was known that he was apprenticed in 1438 to a rich silk merchant in London named Robert Large, who became Lord Mayor and left his old apprentice boy a small legacy, and now it is revealed in these papers that a Philip

Caxton, and his wife Dennis, sold a house in 1436 and that the deed was witnessed by Robert Large. The house was the manor of Little Wratting, in Suffolk, and it is recorded that Philip Caxton's brother William had an interest in the property. The chief lord of the manor of Little Wratting was the Duke of York, and it is known that William Caxton the printer entered the service of his daughter.

Thus we find Caxton, hitherto associated with London and Kent, associated also with Suffolk, and it is hoped that more discoveries await us in the future.

THINGS SEEN

Potato Fair in the basement of a bombed site in Oxford Street.

A horse buried at Liverpool with medals of its master, killed while riding him in France.

THE WVS IS A MILLION

THE news that the number of the WVS has now passed the million mark is yet another tribute to the "genius for improvisation" which foreign observers have so often marked as one of our characteristics.

For the Women's Voluntary Services, like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "just grew." The VAD had much the same history in the last war, except that the nucleus was there already; the WVS was hardly a nucleus until it was suddenly swamped by Hitler's invasion of the Low Countries in the spring of 1940.

Then the refugees from Holland, Belgium, and Northern France began to pour into this country. They had no money, no clothes, no food supplies, and seldom any knowledge of English. They had nowhere to go. The Women's Voluntary Services, who up till that time had been waiting, like the ARP, to go into action, went into action with a vengeance. In town and country, helped by county, town, and district councils, they collected the exiles, found money for them when necessary, and provided clothes, food, and shelter. Their linguists smoothed the path of understanding, their organisers rounded up supplies.

When the Test Came

Where did they get them? Only the WVS knows. But whatever was needed was forthcoming, as many an exile, comfortably housed in this country today, safe and busy with war work at good wages, can testify. The achievement was a miracle of fierce and splendidly directed energy.

Officialdom in this country, as everywhere else, looks down on the gifts of the amateur, but our officials have learned not to underrate the WVS. Read that magnificent book *Front Line*, the Story of the Great Blitz, and you will see the heights to which these women and girls rose so nobly when the test came. They worked in the shelters, they cooked in the open when gas and electricity had been destroyed, they cared for the stricken, the old, and the young. They brought round hot drinks and food to the Fire Service and ARP, no matter how great the danger to life and limb. They did anything and everything which nobody else was there to do.

Help For All

They did not wait for orders or directions; they just "went to it," as they are doing at this moment.

The WVS take food to anti-aircraft outposts. They sew and knit for the Forces. They run shops in aid of the Red Cross and Order of St John. They collect scrap for the war effort, do duty in canteens, run Savings Groups and Centres, and cooperate with the Citizens Advice Bureaus, as with every other body which needs a hand. They are an important part of our Civil Defence.

The grey-green coat, the green hat with the red band, the silver Badge of Service—these are their insignia, and they will be well remembered in the years to come.

Little News Reels

SKINS of 30,000 backyard rabbits from all over Britain have been handed over, cured and dressed, to be made into coats for Russian children.

An Italian has arrived on the coast of Zululand after being on a raft seven days without food.

The LCC has now 6000 acres of farming land under its own control, producing in a year eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit, and corn worth £140,000.

The US Army Postal Service has been delivering about 11 million letters a week.

In addition to increasing their production of food, Canadian farmers have contributed vast amounts of old iron for salvage.

Over £8,000,000 has been raised at the Mansion House for charities during the war.

DRINKING is now forbidden in Cape Town after ten p.m.

A letter has just found its way to the Bodleian Library in which James the First writes to a sultan complaining of pirates in the Mediterranean.

Two lorries sent by sea save 20 tons of shipping space if they are packed in parts and assembled at the other end.

The little Roman town of Corbridge, by Hadrian's Wall, has lost one of its most beloved and familiar figures, Mr Robert Richley, a chorister in the church choir for 65 years.

Scout and Guide News Reel

Six members of the 27th Fulham Sea Scouts have received commissions in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

A Patrol of six Handicapped Scouts of the Templewood Scout Group has raised £7 17s.6d for the B-P Memorial Fund.

Sea Ranger Dora Shadbolt, of London, has received the King's Gallantry Certificate and the Guide Silver Cross for her courage and devotion to duty when acting as an ambulance attendant during an air raid; though injured she went to the rescue of others more badly hurt.

The Grid For the Highlands

THERE is good news for Scotland, and, a good sign that the Government is moving.

When the National Grid was established under the Electricity Supply Act of 1926, to concentrate the generation of this source of power at the most efficient stations and to distribute it efficiently, the North of Scotland was excluded from the Act, and the Government has now decided to extend the splendid Grid Plan to cover all Scotland.

How electrical output has grown since the Act may be seen from the fact that whereas only 7000 million units were produced in 1926, in the ten years after that the figure had risen to over 20,000 million, and was rising at the rate of 2000 million units a year.

The mountains of North Scotland have vast water resources, and there is no reason why important industries should not be established in this part of our country. The absence of coalfields has prevented many a splendid harbour from becoming the nucleus of a great industry.

A committee has been looking into the possibilities for the

Mr George Whitehouse, 77, of Cheslyn Hay, Staffordshire, has worked as a miner for 68 years without a break, and is still able to work through his daily shift.

With the exception of one small bell left to sound an alert, the Germans are robbing all the belfries of Holland of their lovely peals.

THE wartime receipts of the film box-offices are said to be 25 per cent higher than in peacetime.

The Finnish Minister of Welfare having recently declared that Finland was not fighting for Hitler's New Order, the censor cut the sentence out of the reports of his speech.

No male citizen between 17 and 60 is now to be found in any village of Rumania.

Not only have several Allied Nations their own squadrons in R.A.F. Fighter Command, but some British squadrons are led by Allied officers.

The Ford Car Company of India has returned £78,750 to the Government of India, saying that it has made this sum above its reasonable profit out of sales to the Government during the year.

With the absence of Japanese fishermen from British Columbia waters, Red Indians and whites have reaped the benefit of one of the best salmon-fishing seasons within memory.

THE Guides have raised £50,500 for their B-P Memorial Fund, which is to remain open until February 22.

Guide Effie Cook, age 14, of the 1st Banff Company, has been awarded the Silver Cross for the gallant rescue from drowning of her friend Gertrude Mackie.

The Gilt Cross for Gallantry has been awarded to Scouts William Jones and Aubrey Jones for rescuing a girl and attempting to rescue another from drowning in a rough sea at Swansea.

future and has just reported in favour of a scheme in which a Board, working without a profit motive, will undertake all future generation of electricity, organise what already exists, and promote chemical and metallurgical industries which can be established wherever power and communications are available.

The Board will be a public service corporation, and its chief aim will be a human one, to enable thousands of men and women to engage in remunerative work in a part of our island which the Industrial Age left in the cold.

It may be that a few famous beauty spots will have to be changed, but an overriding power which does not have to cut its initial expenses to the last farthing should be able to erect its power-houses and dam its rivers and lakes without permanently spoiling any fine view.

Hitherto many good schemes have been rejected because they would spoil the landscape, but the time has surely come when we can have power and beauty too. We must learn to do these big things in a beautiful way.

Critic in the Cradle

A boy genius of six, Wolfgang Amadeus Chrysostom Mozart, was making his first professional tour of the concert halls of Europe in 1762. He would, we think, be amused by a story we have just heard.

It concerns a London doctor who had a very nice maid. She was a treasure, for she attended to his professional appointments as well as to his home, since he had no wife to help him. But she married not long ago, and left her master very much at a loss without her.

However, when her soldier husband was sent overseas she accepted the doctor's invitation to return and make her home in his house. There her baby boy was born, and there her special comforts included a fine radio, so

that she could listen to the music which she and the doctor both loved.

Every morning, after a while, the young mother brought up the doctor's tea, and with it came the baby. The doctor loved the little fellow, and it was his great delight to play with him for half an hour before getting up.

Then one day the tea arrived, but no baby. The doctor, much concerned, inquired if anything was wrong. "Oh, no, sir," smiled the mother. "He's all right. I've got him downstairs with the wireless, and he's listening to Figaro."

Even Mozart, composer of the delightful "Marriage of Figaro," and an orchestra conductor at five, was not an opera enthusiast at six months old!

RABBIT ISLAND

The lean times have rehabilitated the rabbit, which is no longer looked on as a pest but as an addition to our weekly ration.

Be that as it may, we learn from an American journal that Australia was not the only place where the rabbit multiplied till the farmers were at their wits' end to get rid of it. On the island of Laysan, which is between Midway Islands and Hawaii, there grew a rare kind of mint found nowhere else, but in 1903 someone introduced rabbits there, and in ten years they had multiplied in thousands, and had eaten all the mint, reducing Laysan to a sandy waste. Now they are trying to get rid of the rabbits and grow grass to bind the sand in Laysan and its neighbouring islands.

The Senses at the Table

A PROFESSOR, discussing the importance of food, has been telling us that, from the doctor's point of view, we eat by the exercise of successive senses—the senses of scent, sight, and taste—and the stomach; and that only by the gratification of each of these senses can we maintain strength, courage, and happiness.

Two grown-ups who are familiar with the Far East agree with the professor, but, whereas his point is that cooking and serving food are all-important, they add that we must return to England to get the food itself.

Out in the East, they say, food is flavourless; there is no rich pasture for cattle such as we have, so that the meat is

lean and stringy, while the poultry are "mere little scrags." So everything, in order that it may be acceptable to a European palate, must be served with curry or strong spices. Hence, says one of these two, who is a doctor—hence the ruined digestions with which the Anglo-Indian colonels, of whom ignorant writers make such ill-natured fun, return home after long service abroad.

As for fruit, says the doctor, out East a dish of our ripe English plums would be worth a king's ransom, for peaches there, he says, each as big as a man's fist and coloured like a rainbow, eat like a turnip! We have much to thank Lord Woolton for, say these two, in securing us such a variety of food-stuffs, but Lord Woolton owes his thanks to our incomparable climate which gives us such grassland and orchards.

THE COLLECTORS

Ever since the beginning of the war British children have done grand work in collecting articles needed for the war effort. For example, there is half a ton of string (more than 60 miles) which has been gathered in odds and ends by the boys and girls at Ravensworth School, Mottingham, near London.

This valuable salvage work is rivalled by the boys of the London Polytechnic, now evacuated to Minehead. They have organised a scrap metal collection which realised almost 100 tons.

For the past three summers children have worked under their teachers in culling herbs for medicines from the hedges and gathering rose-hips for syrup.

ODD

Seaman George Phillips of Liverpool has had a remarkable experience. Coming from South America he was leaning over the side of the ship when he noticed a floating bottle, and caught it up in a bucket. On opening it he found a letter he himself had thrown into the sea five years ago off the coast of Scotland!

THIS PICTURE & THAT

Not long ago two members of the public stood side by side in a Kent Food Office.

One was an old countrywoman who wanted a little extra sugar to make jam from the quinces which grew in her garden. She explained that she had made quince jam for years, but had been unable to save enough sugar. She was told that sugar could not be granted.

The other customer was a farmer. He asked for sugar so that cider could be made from the apples he had grown, and he produced receipts to show how much sugar he bought for the same purpose in 1939. He was granted sixty per cent of his 1939 amount, for the Food Ministry allows extra sugar for cider-making.

Injustice in Three Countries

Two of our leading publishers direct attention to a serious problem affecting authors and publishers.

The last International Copyright Convention at Rome afforded protection to the literary and artistic properties belonging to the citizens of those countries who signed it, but unfortunately the chief active members of the United Nations did not sign the Convention.

So it falls out that a British author is protected in Germany

THE CLOCK OF THE WAR FACTORIES

For production purposes the country is now divided into 11 regions, with 56 offices which can tell at once the state of production in any one of the thousands of works in the areas.

This enables the production capacity officer to tell at once if a factory is ready to begin another contract, or when it will be so.

HOW NOT TO BE CHEERFUL

We have been looking through our local paper, and, happening to peep at a report of a debating society, discovered the topics of the last two debates in these days when good courage is needed.

One was *That God does not exist*; the other was *That life is not worth living*.

or Italy but not in the United States or Russia. America will not give an author copyright unless severe conditions are complied with, while Russia gives no copyright whatever to British writing. China also does not protect our writers.

This is a matter of great importance, and we earnestly hope that America and Russia and China will sign the Convention and so protect our authors from piracy.

Worse Than Frost

Instructions have been published in the papers lately for the guidance of householders whose taps or pipes become frozen. In order that a burst pipe may be repaired the water must be turned off at the main, but readers are not told what must be done when the water is turned on again.

There comes a danger even more worrying than frost. Unless taps are left on until the water runs through them it is almost certain that an air-lock will be caused in the pipes. Water entering the pipe with the tap shut off compresses the air in the pipe and so causes an air-lock that may last for days, completely stopping the water. Even plumbers sometimes make the mistake of closing taps before the water comes. All taps should be kept open until the water has expelled air from the pipes and so made free circulation possible.

GO-AHEAD RUSSIA

More and more we are discovering how remarkable the Russians are, for while Stalin's armies are hurling back the Hun some of his scholars are teaching the Eskimos to read and write.

For years Soviet linguists have been devising an alphabet for Eskimos, and already a score of new grammar books have been published, together with some of the world's classics in a form never seen before.

WHAT AN ARMY DIVISION NEEDS

How many of us realise, we wonder, the immense labour of moving an Army division of 12,000 men?

Even if it ate nothing, wore no clothes, and never needed a doctor, a division needs more than a hundred thousand packing-cases to carry its fighting equipment.

It needs at least 80 trains to move it from one area to another, and on the road it needs thousands of lorries.

A HINT TO SANTA CLAUS

Betty, who is five, was very busy a few evenings before Christmas. "What are you writing, dear?" asked her mother.

"Oh," was the reply, "just a letter to Father Christmas, asking him to bring me a hundred coupons!"

The Tunneller's Song

AN RAF officer released when the Allied forces took over Algeria tells a good story of the camp in which he and many other British were interned.

The men ran a concert party, and their shows were attended by members of the French garrison. At one concert an item was based on the "Dig, dig, dig" song in Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. The performers

were supposed to be tunnelling for all they were worth, and the Camp Commandant and other French officers were highly amused at the performance.

The stage diggers were also amused, for at the time a secret escape tunnel was being dug, 70 yards long, and even while the show was in progress every man who could be spared was actually digging a way to Freedom!

LITTLE PURPLE FLOWER

In one of her last letters Daisy Bates, writing from her tent in Australia, tells us of a little purple flower, with five leaves, and a water leaf like a thin bulb. It is known as parakylia, and Mrs Bates says she has eaten it, as the Blackfellows and the cattle do. It has the power to quench thirst, she says, and the cattle need no water when this little flower is blooming.

DEFYING THE LIGHTNING

Engineers of electric power cables have no belief in the old saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Every 50 miles of power line is struck by lightning 50 times a year, and ten lightning strokes on an average bombard every square mile of the United States in that time. But what the engineers have done is to protect their cables by insulators and other devices from injury. Whereas the power lines were continually being put out of action by lightning, and with difficulty repaired, they are now disabled not more than once in five or ten years. When the lightning does strike it bears current to give a flash of light enough for a town of 15,000 people for a moment.

SPRATS JUST IN TIME

A Poole man was being fined for selling fish without a licence. He asked for time in which to pay.

"How long do you want?"

"Till the sprats come in."

"When will that be?"

"Well, it ought to be at any time now, but in war time there's no knowing what they'll do and they might not come at all."

The man was given three weeks' grace, and just in time the sprats put in a good appearance. They were late but had hurried up to keep their annual appointment.



A mechanical elevator stacking sugar beet at a Canadian factory

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Newton's Apple Tree

WE naturally cling to Voltaire's romantic anecdote about Newton and how he conceived the idea of gravitation from the fall of an apple in his garden at Woolsthorpe. Voltaire is said to have had the story from the favourite niece of Sir Isaac.

According to tradition, the actual tree of the story was known and venerated until 1820, when it was cut down as past preservation. Christopher Turnor stated some years ago that his great-grandfather bought the house at Woolsthorpe, and with it he acquired the famous apple tree of the story. It seems that Lord Brownlow owned descendants of the tree at Belton, and Mr Turnor arranged for grafts of these to be sent to the fruit research station at East Malling. According to Sir Stephen Tallents, the station reports that the young trees grown from the grafts are thriving.

Do Not Be Too Sure

SCIENCE is not always quite sure. We have been interested to read of a notice in a motor works in U.S.A. which announces that, according to the theory of aerodynamics, the bumblebee is unable to fly because of the size, weight, and shape of its body in relation to its wingspread; yet the bumblebee, being ignorant of science, goes on flying.

Also we were interested the other day to see from a scientific paper that the microscope had shown that before a fly can fly it must take a short leap backward; otherwise it cannot fly forward; yet every day we see the fly leaping forward, quite forgetting the necessity to begin by going backward.

Clearly, the little knowledge we have of this marvellous world is not enough, and it behoves us all to be modest and not too sure of anything.

JUST AN IDEA

The difficult things we do immediately; but the impossible take a little longer.

Printer's Tyranny

WE see that Canon Anthony Deane has been calling attention to the caprice of printers' and the way in which it sometimes affects the meaning of the Prayer Book. It is a subject in which the C.N. has long been interested, and many years ago we called attention to the tyranny of the printer's conventions.

The fact is that the type-founder and the type-setter do what they will with most of us. The time was when the printer would not say Good-Morning without a fullstop, but since the C.N. led the way every newspaper in England has dropped the useless fullstops after its headings.

But the tyranny goes on. One habit not yet broken (except in the C.N.) is the tyranny which refuses to print italic figures in the daily papers. Thus, we see every day in our great newspapers the absurdity of a line of type, set in italic for emphasis, with the least signifi-

cant part of it stressed by being in roman, as if we were to say: *There was a fire at 42 Fiddle St.*

Such an absurdity (seen 40 times a day in a leading daily) is due to the fact that the type-machine is not properly provided with an italic fount of numerals, with the result that the figures are set in roman, a merely petty exercise of the tyranny of the printer or the type-founder.

But perhaps the chief of all these absurdities is an old practice that is still observed at Printing House Square, the practice of putting inverted commas at the beginning of every line of a quotation instead of at the first and last word quoted. Here and there this ancient rule persists, so that we sometimes see the curious spectacle of 20 lines of quotation marks where two would do. So does the Printer's Convention make (for example) *The Times* our most old-fashioned as well as our greatest newspaper.

This Kind World

IT happened the other day that a lady who makes hundreds of toys for Red Cross sales was advised from her country station that a great parcel of patches of cloth from Yorkshire had just arrived.

It happened also that the lady had no means of recovering the parcel, for it was Saturday afternoon, she had no petrol, and the parcel was too heavy to carry. But time for Christmas toys was short and it was decided that three people should go to the station, a mile away,

divide the heavy parcel into three parts, and trudge a weary mile home with it.

It happened, again, that it entered into the head of a kind passenger arriving at the station (unknown to the lady even by name) that as his car was going within a quarter of a mile of the lady's house it might be convenient to take it, and so the parcel arrived at the moment the three ladies were setting out to fetch it. Then the man in the car hurried away, choosing modestly not to give his name.

LATE HOURS AT BROADCASTING HOUSE

A CONTROL ENGINEER of an electric supply company writes to question our charge that the B.B.C. is responsible for millions of lights being kept on till midnight. He says the load of electric current drops rapidly after the nine o'clock news and is approximately stable at 11.30 till the next morning at 5.30. He finds that men on duty are glad to have the midnight news and some good music before it, but confesses that he and his

wife rarely listen after 10.30 p.m.

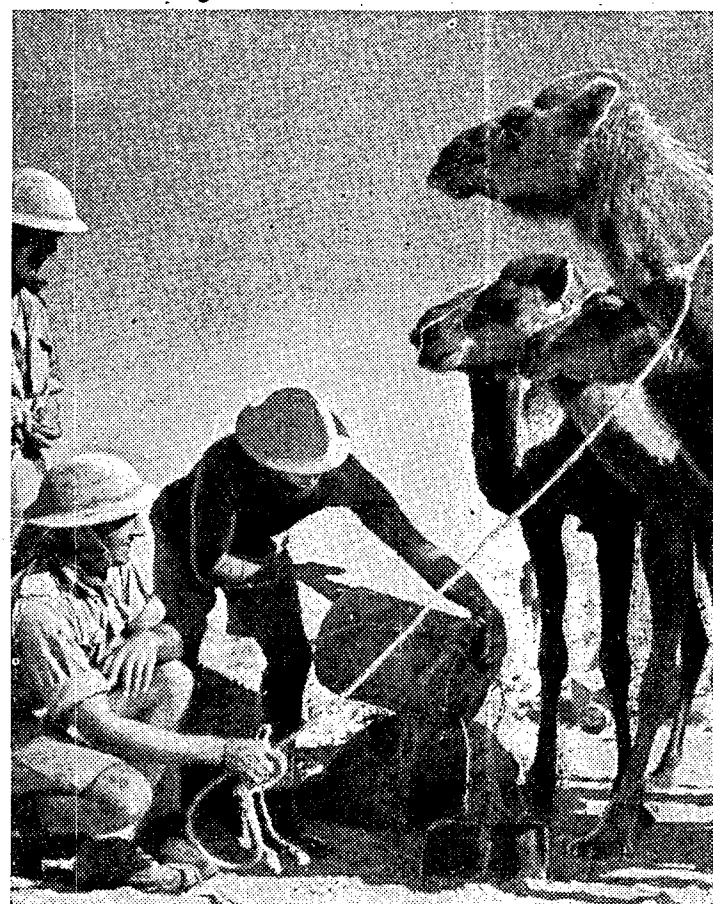
We accept our correspondent's statement that listening drops after the news, but still believe that later programmes are a temptation to millions to sit up burning light. We are aware that the B.B.C. has declared that its saving of power would be slight if it closed down earlier, but the important matter is not the power wasted by the B.B.C., but the countless lights burning, and the countless fires being stoked up by listeners who, having nothing to listen to, would probably go to bed.

The Humour of Mr Hudson

IF fox-hunting were not so cruel, things said about it would make a good book of humour. The latest contributor is our good friend the Minister of Agriculture.

Asked in Parliament if he was satisfied that foxes are being kept down as rapidly by hunting as by any other means, Mr Hudson said Yes; which seems to us a pretty wit, seeing that fox-hunting is precisely the thing that keeps the foxes alive, and that it is carried on, not for the good work of keeping down an enemy, but merely to give the hunter a pleasure in killing.

Strays From the Desert



Camels rescued from an enemy minefield in Libya become friendly with the British gunners who saved them

1000 Miles on Foot

THE swift advance of the Eighth Army along the shores of North Africa is remarkable in African history for its speed and dash. How different from some great journeys in the Dark Continent. Even Livingstone, greatest of all African travellers, managed only about ten miles a day and took over four years on his greatest journey.

It is just sixty years since a notable expedition was trudging inland from the East Coast of Africa to try to reach the Great Lakes in Central Africa.

In equipment and personnel it was one of the most notable expeditions in the history of Central Africa. Captain Edward Hore, its leader, was a man of resource and determination, and he has been placed by Professor Reginald Coupland among the notable pioneers of Central Africa. Hore was a master mariner who died in Hobart in 1912.

This fourth determined attempt to carry the Gospel to the regions of the Great Lakes was part of the London Missionary Society's response to Livingstone's last call. Much patience, endurance, and suffering had been put into the three previous expeditions, and the cost in life had been heavy.

It was nearly a thousand miles from the coast to Lake Tanganyika. Oxen and wagons had been tried, but Hore, in this fourth expedition, relied on porters, of whom he had about 900. An enormous bulk of material had to be carried in calico, coloured cloth, and beads, the only currency for trading in the interior. Each parcel had to be wrapped, numbered, lashed together, and finally sewn into a mat for the African carriers. Each "man-load" was numbered

outside, and registered in the expedition's books.

The first section of the expedition set off on July 10, 1882, trudging wearily (says Hore) through the long, wet grass, closing in overhead and matted below in the black mud.

Hore also had to plan to carry up the sections of the Morning Star, which he was determined to launch on the lake. The larger sections were lashed to small carts pulled by men in harness, and to each, in addition, four men were assigned armed with axes and sword bayonets for cutting down brushwood and small trees. The rest of the ship was carried in 60-lb packages by porters. Hore had 900 Africans along the 900 odd miles of track.

It was not until February 22, 1883, that the great expedition reached the shores of the lake, after months of marching, in which one member died, and all were sorely tried by the long journey. Hore's leadership and determination, however, were great assets, and his final triumph came with the launching of the Morning Star, later to be followed by another ship, the Good News.

Orange Juice

The Ministry of Food have let it be known that parents with children under five years of age can obtain orange juice and cod liver oil by applying to their local food offices for permits. We strongly advise parents to go on making application, for both articles are invaluable to children.

Our readers should also note that blackcurrant syrup is stated to be available for children under six months old, and blackcurrant puree for children up to five years.

Under the Editor's Table

A SPEAKER says we must count on our strong right arm. Or the fingers of it.

WHY shouldn't golf courses be ploughed up? asks a farmer. Some golfers do their best.

THE steeplejack who has collected a thousand pounds in war savings knows how to keep up to the mark.

A WOMAN is said to be a wonderful machinist who can make anything. She doesn't make mistakes.

NEW toys this Christmas were dear. Old ones are always dearest.

A MAN has had a potato called after him. Better than having it thrown after him.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



How to get two feet into a five-inch bath

SOME people are afraid that the Beveridge Plan will fall between two stools. Give it a chair.

THE Minister of Health wants to form a complete picture of London housing. He will need some drawing-rooms.

THE MARCH OF ENGLISH

IN a recent article on the future of English, that well-known American writer, Mr H. L. Mencken, shows how the English tongue, which in 1582 was spoken by four or five million people, is now spoken by about 200 millions.

That is with regard to English spoken as a native or adopted tongue, but in common use the speakers of English are more numerous than that. The United States accounts for 130 millions, the United Kingdom for 50 millions, and the British Dominions for 23 millions.

Then we have to consider English as the official language of the British Empire, accounting for a quarter of the world's people, among whom English of a sort is freely spoken by no small part of the whole, raising the aggregate of those who speak English to an uncertain number which may exceed 300 millions. It is familiar in all countries, especially in their ports and among the educated classes. Our sailors and traders have taken it all over the world.

Which language comes next in point of use? Obviously it is Russian, the native or adopted tongue of some 90 of the 150 million people of the Soviets, there being some hundred other tongues in use in its vast area of 8,000,000 square miles.

The third widest-spread language is Spanish, with which Portuguese is nearly allied. In Spain and Portugal and the Latin Americas about 120 millions use these languages.

German, French, and Italian

After Spanish comes German. There must be in the world, mainly in Germany itself, over 90 millions who speak German. Next comes French, spoken by some 60,000,000 people. The sixth language of consequence is Italian, which perhaps is spoken by about 50,000,000 people in Europe and elsewhere. Greater figures than these are recorded of the Chinese and Indian languages, but here we are concerned with the European languages, among which we see that English has an extraordinary lead. English has been propagated about the world like no other tongue by a nation which, on the whole, consists of poor linguists.

Mr Mencken seems to think that "American English" is gaining on English proper, and by American English he refers to the highly decorative and slang-infested speech of which we hear so much at the films. Undoubtedly, the introduction of American-made films has spread Americanisms among us. Journalists of the cheap papers also, always hunting for new expressions to enliven otherwise dull matter, are glad to import big doses of American slang, and the suggestion is made that "American" will eventually conquer English in England and so spread itself round the globe. However, one has only to read serious American writings to see that, for the most part, English holds its own even in America.

Living Latin

It is a curious fact that Latin, so often spoken of as a dead language, maintains itself throughout the world because of the sheer value of its words. Apart from the tongues which sprang directly from it, its roots were freely adopted in England, so that if we take a current piece of English literature we find it studded with Roman expressions. An average newspaper leader written in English is, apart from auxiliaries, found to consist mostly of words either derived from Latin or taken from words of other tongues which were originally taken from Latin. So it is with the names given to political parties and other institutions; nearly always we find them borrowed from Latin. So the extraordinary dissemination of English has also served to keep alive and to spread vigorously the noble words invented by the Romans, such as Liberty, Justice, Majesty, Honour.

If we have regard to the countries in which Latin words are still unconsciously used, we find that some 700 millions of the human race have their ears attuned to the language which was almost universal in Europe 2000 years ago.

INVENTION'S RISING TIDE

SOME of the things that have come out of the need of the war, and will survive it and brighten the peace, are cheaper and lighter houses; better fuel for the motor-car; and yet more things from coal.

There are so many uses for coal now and to come that we need only mention the newest, which is that anthracite is now being employed in the filtering beds of some reservoirs, and per-

forms its task better than other filterers. The lighter house will come out of the increasing combination of plywood with a plastic that makes it as impermeable as brick to moisture or sound, and is so light that a man would be able to lift up a whole wall of his house by himself.

Lastly, one of the most effective varieties of Vitamin B is now being made out of the useless refuse of paper pulp mills.

A Remarkable Engine

A STEAM pumping engine which was set in motion in a Cornish mine during the Crimean War, and has worked steadily on through the Boer War, the Great War, and all the little wars in between, is still helping to produce tin and wolfram down West. Moreover, it competes successfully with the modern electrically driven engines.

This remarkable engine has worked day and night for 90

years. It was designed and erected by an engineer whose name is almost forgotten, Sam Grose, born of Cornish parents at Nether Stowey in Somerset a century and a half ago. Other creations of his also attained a high standard of efficiency. If Sam were alive today how proud he would feel that his old engine is still doing a grand job of work at a time when tin and wolfram are so urgently needed.

CARRY ON

THE ECHOES

THE grey and blue room, smiling in the sunshine,
Waits, full of dreams, for those to come once more
Who loved that misty row of coloured glasses,
And watched the firelight flicker on that door.

There has been music here, and children's laughter,
And young love dreaming; was it long ago?
And still the dusty statue in the corner
Smiles at a secret no one else can know:

Sunlight, and colour, and a struggling anguish
That fills the silence of the room with pain;
A broken voice that calls and calls to someone
Lovely and dear, who will not come again.

The room is full of voices; ah, you know them,
You know the footstep coming down the stair;
Open the door and tell her you have waited
For all these years! But there is no one there.

Doris M. Williamson

Let Peace Be Worth While

WE all want peace; only do let us try to give it a positive meaning. Peace that is merely not fighting is not necessarily a good thing; it may be a shocking, ignoble thing.

Peace is the effective maintenance of goodwill against every kind of greed. It implies disciplining ourselves and readiness to face the necessary steps to make whatever sacrifice may be involved, to make goodwill effective against greed whether in individuals, in classes, or in nations. Archbishop of Canterbury

KEEP ON

KEEP on looking for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hoping that the sun will rise,
Keep on singing when the whole world sighs,
And you'll get there in the morning.

Keep on ploughing when you've missed the crops,
Keep on dancing when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,
And you'll get there in the morning.

A Queensland school song

Knowledge is Not Enough

BY knowledge alone has no one solved, nor will ever solve, the Problems of Life. Hafiz

IT WILL NOT PASS

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.

Thomas Moore

Professor Huxley Thanks God

It is 86 years since the great Professor Huxley, whose gifted grandsons are so well known to us today, wrote this letter as he lay waiting for news of the birth of his son.

New Year's Day, 1857

IN 1860 I may fairly look forward to fifteen or twenty years, and I think it will be possible in that time to give a new and healthier direction to science.

To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognised as mine or not,

so long as it is done: are these my aims? 1860 will show.

Wilt shape a noble life? Then cast No backward glances to the past. And what if something still be lost? Act as new-born in all thou dost. What each day wills, that shalt thou ask; Each day will tell its proper task; What others do, that shalt thou prize. In thine own work thy guerdon lies. This above all: hate none. The rest— Leave it to God. He knoweth best.

Half-past ten at night

Waiting for my child. I seem to fancy if the pledge that all these things shall be.

Born five minutes before twelve. Thank God.

Song of the Guides For 1943

WE are the Guides. Our lamps are lit;
Our loins are girt; our limbs are strong.
We keep our minds and bodies fit
To help the weak and right the wrong.

We are the Guides, who guide and lead;
Service our joy and love our creed.
We are the Guides.

We are the Guides. The open air,
Mountain and river, flower and star,
And all things young and bright and fair;
Our comrades and our captains are.

We are the Guides. With happy feet
We go on loving errands bent,

In meadows full of meadow-sweet
By singing streams we pitch our tent.

We are the Guides, yet guided too
By the Great Captain of our souls,
For all we think, and dream, and do
The wisdom of His love controls.

We are the Guides, and when we go
Down the dark path to the Unknown,
At least our stumbling hearts will know
They do not face the dark alone.
He is our Guide, and in our need
His love will help, His hand will lead.
He is our Guide.

Ronald Campbell Macfie



THIS ENGLAND An old Oxfordshire cottager busy in his garden

YOUTH MAKING FRIENDS

British Schools Exchange Letters With Russia

Boys and girls in many schools all over the country are now writing to Russian boys and girls letters which are being published in both countries.

The importance of this interchange of human news, the News of Youth, cannot be exaggerated. There are some grown-ups in Great Britain who call it Red Propaganda when Joseph Bailey, of Blackminster, near Evesham, writes to Katya Chokmanova telling her about home and school life in Worcestershire and receives a reply by cable in which Katya tells him of her Pioneer Brigade in Moscow.

But, whatever these critics may say, this development of friendship between the young folk of Britain and Russia will go on. The world is weary of all the ill-will, trouble, and eventual wars between great peoples who only wish to be at peace and to trust each other and work for the good of all.

Joseph is 14. His letter to Katya, who is 13, was published in the "Pioneer Youth" of Moscow, the Pioneers in Soviet Russia being, not engineering soldiers, but boys and girls enrolled in a body corresponding to our Scouts and Guides, Cubs and Brownies.

"Pionerskaya Pravda" is Russia's C.N., a newspaper, though it devotes itself entirely to news of what boys and girls

are doing. It was in this newspaper that Katya read Joseph's letter. Joseph told her that all the children in his form were writing to Russia. He told her about his family, his school, the kind of country he lives in. He also told her about his hobbies, and inquired if she also collected stamps. Katya replied, gravely:

"No one is engaged in that hobby nowadays. When you hear that the Germans have burnt down such and such a village, that such and such a town has been destroyed, or of a friend who has been killed in action, such things as stamp-collecting are soon forgotten."

This was not a reproof, but merely a reminder that life for children is harder and more serious in Russia than in Britain. Katya, as Chief of Staff of her Pioneer Brigade, is now more concerned in collecting scrap iron, bottles, and other material for the war effort, than in foreign stamps.

All the same, when the war is over, Russian boys and girls will again, we hope, become as enthusiastic stamp-collectors as the British friends they are now making everywhere in letters written from schools.

The Jumper on the Beach

WE have been reading about the little sandhopper of the seashore, which so few of us have had a chance of seeing for some years.

A well-known naturalist, Edward Forbes, once drew an amusing sketch of a gnome seated on a toadstool playing a musical instrument with two sandhoppers dancing wildly to the tune.

Most observant people have noticed these amusing crustaceans going through their antics on the beach, where they feed on seaweed and other things thrown up by the waves. One of their marked characteristics is their marvellous power of hopping, and because of this they are often called sand-fleas. The hinder part of the hopper's body is flexible, with jointed rings curled downwards, and when he wants to hop the flexible hinder portion strikes the sand, and away he goes. His jumps are quite lengthy, and one often feels depressed that human beings have no similar means of getting about.

Dodging the Tide

It is interesting to watch these creatures, as the tide comes slowly in, being driven farther and farther up the beach; till at high water thousands of them are hopping and running about on the seaweed just out of reach of the water. And as the tide goes down the sandhoppers follow it.

There are two kinds of sandhoppers on our sandy shores, one much bigger than the other, and allied to the lobsters.

The numbers of sandhoppers are beyond computation, and to watch them busily carrying on their lives, all unconscious of the human world with its wars, trials, and delights, is somehow strangely comforting. But the sandhoppers, like human beings, are ill at times, and their sickness shows itself in a strange and fatal manner. Some years ago Professor Giard found on the shore near Boulogne some phosphorescent light-giving sandhoppers, which was indeed a problem, as the sandhoppers do not possess light-giving organs. Naturally the professor was greatly interested, and carried out a close examination which showed that the phosphorescence was caused by the presence of microbes in the sandhopper's blood, and that this spelt death to the creature.

THE OWL IN THE WALNUT TREE

In the list of great trees which appears on this page we mention the big walnut tree at Stede Hill, Harrietsham, and a friend who knows the old tree well tells us that it has lost many of its upper limbs and is now hollow. An owl makes her nest in the tree every year, and the brood she rears are pleasant to hear in the summer evenings, and delightful to see as they pop their heads out of the holes in the trunk. The tree stands in the courtyard, and can be seen from the gate opening on to the hill.

Great Trees of England

FAR too many noble trees are falling, and our landscape will be poorer for their loss. We have thought it worth while to make a note of remarkable trees now standing in England, but our lists are incomplete. The Editor will be grateful to any reader who will send notes of great trees, with their measurements five feet from the ground wherever possible; the figures below are feet round the trunk. We shall also be grateful for corrections.

BEDFORDSHIRE		Sapperton Park		Beech 25
Amphill Park	Oak 30	Stanway Park	Cedar 21	
Lidlington (foot of hill)	Oak 30	Staunton	Yew 25	
Woburn Estate	Cedar 20	Tirley	Yew 18	
Woburn Park (nr lake)	Beech 15	Todenham	Yew 21	
BERKSHIRE		Tortworth	Spanish Chestnut 50	
Aldworth	Yew 27	Whitemead Park	Beech 18	
Chaddleworth (on farm)	Oak 25	HAMPSHIRE		
Childrey Rectory	Cedar 23	Bedhampton	Yew 20	
Crowthorne	Wellingtonia 17	Boarhunt	Yew 27	
Didcot	Yew 21	Breamore	Yew 24	
Fyfield	Tubney Elm 26	Brockenhurst	Yew 17	
South Moreton	Yew 20	Burley Lodge	Oak 22	
Steventon	Yew 21	Corhampton	Yew 26	
Windsor Park	Oaks 28, 36, 40	Ellingham	Oak 21	
Windsor Park	Beech 31	Hayling, North	Yew 18	
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE		Hayling, South	Yew 34	
Chenies Qn Elizabeth's	Oak 25	Hursley	Yew 25	
Chequers	Yew 17	Ichen Abbas	Yew 25	
Coleshill	Waller's Oak 30	Lockerley	Yew 25	
Ibstone	Yew 16	Long Sutton	Yew 20	
Wraybury (Ankerwyke)	Yew 30	Lyndhurst (Mark Ash)	Beech 20	
CAMBRIDGESHIRE		Lyndhurst (Knightwood)	Oak 22	
Abington (Lodge)	Chestnut 24	Mottisfont	Oak 34	
Ely (Bishop's Garden)	Plane 25	Newton Valence	Yew 21	
Stow-cum-Quy	Walnut 17	Selborne	Yew 26	
CHESHIRE		Sherborne St John	Oak 25	
Peckforton Castle	Oak 25	Snipton Bellinger	Yew 25	
Taxal	Yew 20	Street	Yew 23	
DERBYSHIRE		Warblington	Yew 18	
Bretby	Cedar 16	Woodcott	Yew 25	
Darley Dale	Yew 32	HEREFORDSHIRE		
Doveridge	Yew 22	Burghill	Yew 25	
Duffield	Yew 21	Cusop	Yew 30	
Edlaston	Yew 16	Dilwyn (Field Place)	Chestnut 25	
Holbrook	Chestnut 14	Eardisley	Oak 30	
Shirley	Yew 17	Harewood	Garden Oak 24	
DEVON		Holme Lacy	Monarch Oak 22	
Ashprington	Yew 16	Hope-under-Dinsmore	Oak 24	
Ashprington (Sharpham)	Elm 16	Kentchurch Court	Oak 32	
Farway	Yew 25	Kentchurch Park	Yew 30	
Meavy	Oak 25	Kingsland	Oak 24	
Newton St Petrock	Oak 20	Linton	Yew 34	
Shirwell	Yew 24	Llandinabo	Yew 20	
Stoodleigh	Split Yew	Moccas Park	Weeping Oak 36	
Withycombe Raleigh	Split Yew	Monnington	Oak 31	
DORSET		Much Cowarne	Oak 38	
Canford Manor	Chestnut 40	Much Marcle	Yew 30	
Gussage St Michael	Yew 15	Peterchurch	Yew 30	
Melbury Sampford	Oak 38	Stanford Bishop	Yew 22	
Silton Judge Wyndham's	Oak 38	Weobley	Wellingtonia 20	
Stoke Abbott	Yew 18	Yarkhill	Yew 20	
Turnworth	Yew 14	Yazor	Yew 27	
Woolland	Yew 29	HERTFORDSHIRE		
ESSEX		Ashridge	King Oak 23	
Barking	Gospel Oak 20	Brocket Park	Oak 27, Plane 18	
Danbury Park	Big Ben Oak 33	Brocket Park	Cedar 17	
Fingringhoe	Oak 30	Cheshunt	Goff's Oak 22	
Great Leighs (Moulsham)	Oak 25	Chipperfield	Chestnut 21	
Great Yeldham	Oak 30	Hatfield Park Elizabeth's	Oak 32	
Havering (Pyrgo Park)	Oak 20	Hertingfordbury (Park)	Oak 20	
Thorington	Oak 26	Knebworth Park	Elm 21	
GLOUCESTERSHIRE		Knebworth Park 3	Chestnuts 20	
Alderley	Elm 27	St Albans (Gorhambury)	Oak 21	
Alveston	Yew 30	Totteridge	Yew 27	
Aston Blank	Yew 16	HUNTINGDONSHIRE		
Badminton Fitzgerald	Oak 37	Hemingford Grey	Plane 20	
Badminton Park Duchess	Oak 35	KENT		
Broadwell	Yew 24	Bonnington	Oak 28	
Bromsberrow	Twin Limes 27	Brenchley	Oak 36	
Bulley	Yew 18	Cobham	Four Sisters Chestnut 32	
Chaceley	Oaks 23 and 35	Cudham	Yews 26 and 27	
Cheltenham (Swindon Rd)	Elm 21	Farningham	Chestnut 16	
Clifton (Bristol)	Elm 21	Harrietsham (Stede Hill)	Walnut 13	
Coberley (Hartley Bottom)	Beech 17	Headcorn	Oak 42	
Huntley	Yew 24	Hinxhill	Oak 15	
Kemble	Yew 20	Keston	Wilberforce Oak 18	
Lassington (near)	Oak 29	Kingsdown (Sevenoaks)	Yews, 25 36	
Lassington	Elm 20	Leigh (Paul's Farm)	Oak 35	
Leonard Stanley	Oak 22	Loose	Yew 36	
Lydney (Public Park)	Oak 25	Lynsted Park	Chestnut 27	
Minsterworth	Yew 20	Nonington	Oaks 16, 18, 36	
Newland (Spout Farm)	Oak 46	Nonington	Chestnut 25	
Painswick (on farm)	Oak 24	Ryars	Elm 27	
Pauntley	Yew 24	Sellinge	Yew 20	
Rendcomb Park	Elm 36	Sevenoaks (Knole)	King's Beech 28	
Saintsbury	Yew 16	Stowting	Yew 20	
		Ucombe	Yews 26 and 33	
		Westerham	Spanish Chestnut 22	

The Final List will appear Next Week

BEDTIME CORNER

The Crafty Wolf

A CRAFTY old wolf, in order that he might obtain the best sheep for his meals, dressed himself up as a shepherd and, going among the flocks, his true character was not noticed by the men in charge. This made him conceited, and he thought that if he looked like a shepherd he could sing like one.

So as night came on he sang a song. But there was so much of the growl in his voice that the shepherds at once found him out and destroyed him before he could do any havoc among the sheep.

A LITTLE CHILD

My little child and I do not converse
About the problems of the universe;
Our talk is full of laughter, charm, and mirth,
And all a childish mind can bring to birth.

How glad I am (she says) to have a nose,
And breathe the lovely fragrance of a rose;
A mouth to eat the food my mother makes,
Her pies and puddings, chickens, soups, and cakes.

And glad I am for hands to work and write,
And eyes that see the flight of day and night;
For ears to listen to the wild bird's song,
And mind that brings my happy thoughts along.



How blessed I am (she says) for legs and feet,
That race the little children down the street;
How glad I am for touch, that helps the blind
To read the wit and wisdom of mankind.

How glad I am, in spite of human strife,
For all the sacred gifts and joys of life;
And often, on the sunlit beach at morn,
She says, How blessed I am to have been born.

E. Oxburgh

Riddle

What fish would a sleepy bird prefer?

PRAYER

Bring me safely through this night, O Lord, and grant that in the morning I may do nothing to displease Thee or to hurt my friends. Make me as Thine own child, a blessing and a joy to all. Amen

CHINA'S SECRET OF GREATNESS

The Love of the Family

IN an era of brave men the name of Chiang Kai-shek must surely shine forth among the most illustrious, and greater and greater will grow the fame of his matchless and countless people. They overcome disasters which would overwhelm most other nations.

What is the wondrous spirit that has enabled them to overcome so many appalling catastrophes? It appears to be a compound of supreme courage and love—love of the good earth by which they live, courage in the fight against the forces of Nature which threaten their daily existence. With it all goes an utter simplicity and fundamental goodness.

We have not learned much about the Chinese in our schools, and of what we have been taught much was unfair and untrue. Yet Europeans who have lived in China will almost universally agree that the Chinese are a good people.

That is what they tell us when they return from years of sojourn in China. Of China's great gifts in art we may well judge from what we see in our museums. Of her great inventions, such as printing and porcelain and the cultivation and weaving of silk, history and our own commerce have told us much. Of her bravery in the face of ruin and death, China's survival and recovery are sufficient proof. Of her honourable dealing, even with the West, which has often dealt with her so dishonourably, a thousand tales from our own merchants give ample evidence. She has given most of their best possessions to the Japs, who have been trying so long to destroy her, but will first be destroyed themselves.

The Good Life

The real story of the Chinese, indeed, is the story of a people who, with all their faults, have founded their life on basic goodness, the goodness which comes from sowing the roots of national life deep in family devotion.

Some of us may have been at times inclined to smile at the quaint stories we have heard so often about the ancestor-worship of the Chinese, but, however simple and crude that aspect of religion may seem, it is based on the love of parent for child and child for parent.

This has been the tower of strength which has sustained China through 5000 years of history. Through conquest, plague, famine, the story has been the same, the triumph of the Family, and the return of the Family to its own ancestral home when the waves of misfortune have passed over.

We must not get the idea that because Chiang has borrowed so extensively from Western ideas in such matters as politics, economics, trade, finance, transport, building, sanitation, and even education, he has looked to us for moral teaching. On the contrary, he has stoutly maintained the moral excellence of Chinese teaching in the sphere of personal conduct, and this although he has himself embraced Christianity. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, educated in America, born a Christian, was, it is true, the influence which persuaded the Marshal to become a Christian, but he has publicly

recorded that he did so because of the example afforded by the lives of her parents and her brilliant sisters. Here the great Marshal showed himself a true Chinese.

Where Chiang has led the way in far-reaching changes is in political and practical unity. Without his firm and brilliant leadership the whole vast country of nearly 500 million people would have remained divided, with its hundreds of dialects and scores of local armies breaking China into ever weaker and smaller sections. In China, until the Marshal took charge, the soldier was despised. The scholar took first place in society, and he was the administrator. Next came the merchant, then the craftsman and the farmer. The military man was regarded as no better than a robber, whether a general or a private soldier. The conception of the soldier as the defender of his native land, deserving on that account of the highest honours, was no part of the Chinese philosophy.

It was Japan, where the fighting man had always ranked at the top, which readily adopted the machinery of war from the West, and was thus enabled to defeat her immense neighbour in battle 47 years ago.

Yet Chiang knew that his people were just as brave and stoutly determined as the Japanese. It was only a question of arming and training them.

Their sacrifices have been infinite, and their trials are still most grievous, but China no longer fights alone.

The Horrible Forms

AMERICA has a War Production Board which has been responsible for some remarkable feats, but it has found that one by-product was appearing in such overwhelming volume that it threatened to clog the wheels of industry. A blizzard of forms has been sweeping the country.

It is one of the minor horrors of war (with which we, in this country are sadly familiar) that not even the smallest detail of Government business can be transacted without filling up a form. But after a year of war America is determined to stem the flood of paper, and the famous head of the War Production Board, Mr Donald Nelson, will no longer turn a blind eye to the vast waste of time caused by needless form-filling. A committee has looked into the matter and proposes to eliminate or simplify 252 Government forms, and thus spare industry more

Praise For Chlorine

Our men in the Desert say there is nothing they so much desire as a drink of pure cold water, whereas all they get is the warmish chlorinated water brought up to the front in tanks.

And are they thankful for that? They are, and so should we be when we turn it on from the tap, because it is a life preserver even if the taste is not quite pleasing. But there is another reason for accepting the chlorine in the water with grateful heart. It preserves the water-pipes in which it comes from corrosion. They are often subject to a black rust, quite unlike the common red rust, and caused by a microbe which can do without oxygen, and by its action creates black iron sulphite and liberates also the unpleasant-smelling gas sometimes associated with bad eggs.

All that the chlorine does, and something besides, for it destroys what are called the iron-consuming bacteria, which, if they do not eat iron, live on the salts created on its surface. So let us admire chlorinated water even if we do not like it.

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, December 30, to Tuesday, January 5.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Story Book of Lancashire, a programme of song, legend, and story. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 A review of the Children's Hour for 1942.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Olive Shapley's Letter from America, telling about the Cactus Country of Texas; followed by the West of England Singers. 5.45 The Coming Year, a talk by Commander Stephen King-Hall.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Old Mother Hubbard, a potted pantomime from the stage of a real theatre, with Tommy Handley and many other popular players.

SUNDAY, Hans Andersen's Thumbelina, adapted as a play by Lorna Wood.

MONDAY, 5.20 Bush Tales by John Elin—No. 1, Told by Mac; followed by gramophone records. 5.40 Copying Nature, by William Aspdon. In the first of this new series showing how man has modelled his inventions on Nature's patterns Mr Aspdon deals with Aviation.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany.

From Log Cabin to White House

WITH the passing of Dr Harry Garfield, son of the 20th President of the United States, the thoughts of many good Americans, and of good Englishmen too, must have turned wistfully to a book of their youth, a book which for a brief spell enjoyed a popularity as great as that of Robinson Crusoe or Masterman Ready.

When our grandparents were very young, some 60 years ago, the world and his wife and all his children were reading "From Log Cabin to White House," a highly-coloured biography of James Garfield. It was a success story with a vengeance, and as Victorians generally were more interested in success than in anything else it rapidly became a best-seller, joining Samuel Smiles's Self-Help as a suitable prize for promising schoolboys, or a well-timed present from doting parents.

Nevertheless, it was a wonderful story, for it was true, and more incredible than most fiction. James Garfield, who was born in a log cabin in Ohio, worked on his father's farm till he was 16 before seeking adventure in fresh pastures. For a time he led a rough life on a canal boat, and next, finding the little schooling he had received was only a burden, he made a valiant struggle to get a real education. He tried his hand at teaching, at carpentry, and at farming; he studied hard and

became a professor of languages and literature. Nothing seemed beyond his powers. Politics claimed him, and then law. Civil War came and he immediately enlisted as an officer, resigning in 1863 when he was a major-general to take his seat in the House of Representatives. In 1880 the burly James Garfield became President of the United States, and in the following year was shot by a disappointed politician named Guiteau while on his way to Williams College, where he had graduated a quarter of a century before.

Dr Harry Garfield, who has just passed on, was at school when his father was assassinated, and must have come home to the White House to join a sorrowing family. He graduated at Williams College, where the president had graduated nearly thirty years earlier, and he lived to become president of his college for more than a quarter of a century and to found there an Institute of Human Relations. A worthy son of a worthy father, and presidents both!

The March For Montgomery's Men

LONDON'S own musician, Eric Coates, has composed a new march in honour of the Eighth Army, which contains so many Londoners.

It is dedicated to General Montgomery and his gallant men, and has been broadcast to our Forces in the Middle East as well as to those at home who will soon be joining them. It is a fine, stirring air, worthy of the genius which has, for the first time since Elgar, celebrated the grand Cockney gaiety which rose, to the amazement of the watching world, superior to every blitz.

It is difficult to express the spirit of a great city in music, though the Russians have managed to do it. Ours is supposed, quite wrongly, to be an unmusical nation, and therefore we

might expect that a composer who wished to express London in music would find the task a hard one. In his Knightsbridge March Mr Coates has put into music everything any Londoner could wish to say about his own city, made a thousand times glorious by her cruel scars.

One has only to listen to a few bars of this march to know what the Cockney spirit is. That lively challenge, so full of bright, melodious swing, so utterly unwarlike yet so full of fight, has rung all round the world in the past two years.

In the same way, when future generations of concert-goers hear the Eighth Army March they will be able to say, "There goes Britain and the brave, chirpy Cockneys of London Town."

CHILDREN'S COLDS

... are ended quicker by external treatment

There's a good reason why a rub with VICK'S ends colds extra quickly: It brings relief direct to nose, throat, and chest ALL at once. The healing VICK'S vapours are inhaled, clearing the nose, soothing throat, easing cough. At the same time, like a poultice, VICK'S draws out chest tightness and pain. By morning, usually, the cold is gone.

VICK'S
BRAND VAPOUR RUB

8

BAD SPELL

A SHIP was coming into the harbour and a number of old sailors were watching to see what its name was.

At last one of them spelt out the name P-S-Y-C-H-E.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "What a way to spell fish!"

Catch

If a peacock belonging to your neighbour laid an egg in your garden to whom would the egg belong?

Peacocks do not lay eggs!

LOST

SAM lost himself once in a lane, And began to inquire and complain,

"What's become of poor Sam? I shan't know where I am Till I find myself somewhere again."

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-west and Saturn is in the west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning, December 30.



Verdict

A FAR-WESTERN magistrate in the early days closed a dispute between two lawyers and the court thus:

"If the court is right, and she thinks she are, why, then, you are wrong, and she knows you is, so shut up."

By Arthur Mee

"A Priceless Gift to the Working World."

A 16-page illustrated booklet about Sunday, eminently suitable for children and young people.

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Send to IMPERIAL ALLIANCE FOR THE DEFENCE OF SUNDAY, 12, Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1.

Looking Forward

We face the future with confidence. Our Youth Movements are going steadily forward, inspiring our young people with a new ideal of Christian Service. Please help with a New Year's gift.

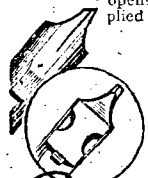
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THE BRAN TUB

Jacko Pays His Debt



JACKO owed Adolphus one! As his unsuspecting brother passed underneath the window Jacko scooped up some snow from the ledge outside and dropped it neatly on his head. But Adolphus saw who did it!

The Diners in the Kitchen

OUR dog Fred
Et the bread.

Our dog Dash
Et the hash.

Our dog Pete
Et the meat.

Our dog Davy
Et the gravy.

Our dog Toffy
Et the coffee.

Our dog Jake
Et the cake.

Our dog Trip
Et the dip.

And—the worst,
From the first—
Our dog Fido
Et the pie-dough.

James Whitcomb Riley

Whoa!

A DRILL sergeant was instructing recruits, but one of them seemed incapable of understanding the simplest orders.

"What's your name?" shouted the sergeant.

"Casey, sir," replied the man.

"Well, Casey, did you ever drive a mule?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa!"

The sergeant turned away and began once more drilling the squad. After the men had advanced a dozen yards he bawled out:

"Squad, halt! Whoa, Casey!"

WHAT OF THE GREAT CHARTER?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Isn't the chief cause of war the ill-feeling arising from inequality of economic conditions?

Man. Undoubtedly. This was recognised in President Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points, which were the original foundation of the Peace Treaty made after the First World War. The third point called for equal trade conditions for all nations, and the sixth point of the Atlantic Charter spoke of establishing a peace to give to all men "freedom from fear and want."

Boy. Surely it is unfortunate that President Wilson's plan was so neglected?

Man. Unfortunate indeed. When the question of raw materials was raised at the League of Nations the delegate raising it was laughed at for his pains.

Boy. I suppose you hope the Atlantic Charter will have a better fate than the Fourteen Points?

Man. Surely we are entitled to hope so. Consider that the Atlantic Charter was framed by two statesmen, President Roosevelt and Mr Churchill, and that, since then, it has won the approval of nations representing more than half the world. It is impossible to believe that such pledges can be set aside. But I expect you would say, why is nothing being done in so vitally important a matter?

Boy. Yes, I do ask that question.

Man. The answer should be most carefully pondered. Because the matter concerns all nations, the ways and means involve the study of the entire world in all

its aspects. Think of the questions that arise.

Where are the world's raw materials, and who possesses them?

Where is the world's trade done, and why?

Why are some nations rich and others poor?

How without injustice are old possessions and connections to be modified for the common good of all?

To what extent must sovereignty be resigned by some nations in certain matters so that others may have reasonable opportunity?

Observe, first of all, that we have not even the elementary information we require. We need such a survey of the world as has never yet been made.

Boy. I suppose America, as the most powerful nation, will take a leading part?

Man. At present we must not hastily suppose that the American Congress will agree to a peace embodying the Charter. American politics are difficult to understand, and let us not forget that the First World War ended in a peace treaty which Congress refused to allow the President to sign. What will happen this time? We do not know. Yet we may be sure that Congress will very seriously regard the Atlantic Charter when peace comes to be made, for its intrinsic importance is overwhelming. Many factors show how necessary it is to strengthen the Charter by working upon it, and the world sorely needs such an instrument if it is to prosper after all this misery.

The Children's Newspaper, January 2, 1943

THOUGHTFUL

MOTHER was angry with little six-year-old Jack. He had eaten a whole apple, regardless of his twin sister's request for half.

"You selfish boy! Why didn't you give Joan half?" demanded Mother.

"But I gave her the pips, Mummie. She can plant them and have an orchard," replied the bad boy.

Ici on Parle Français

Le Chat Qui Amenait Son Ami

C'est du Sud de Londres que l'on nous certifie ce trait de l'entente mutuelle des animaux.

Il y a quelque temps nous avions deux chats, Pat et Jack. Jack vieillissait et était très sourd. Lorsque nous les appelions le soir, Pat rentrait d'un bond et ronronnait autour de nous, mais on ne lui donnait jamais son souper tant que Jack n'était pas rentré.

Si Jack ne venait pas, nous l'appelions de nouveau, puis nous attendions. S'il persistait à ne pas venir, Pat se précipitait à toute vitesse dans le jardin, et peu après il revenait suivi de près par Jack.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Sheep
The farmer had 61 sheep

Two Words
Evil, live

POST	CESS
EVER	ORAL
RED	LLAMA
ENAMEL	EG
NOMAD	
CIC	BORROW
ROBIN	APE
OPAL	OMEN
WERE	BLAND

Proverbs About Hunger

HUNGER is the best sauce.

A hungry horse maketh a clean manger.

Hunger maketh hard beans soft.

A hungry man is an angry man.

Hunger fetches the wolf out of the woods.

All things require skill but an appetite.

A Ride Round the Table

To the tintinnabulations

Of the tuneful tambourine
Moves Morello, King of Cakeland,
With his daughter Margarine.

With him rides Prince Plum of Piecrust,

Mounted on his sugar steed;
He's to wed the fair Sultana,
Daughter of the Kaik of Seed.

By his side stalks tall Madeira,

Small meringues the trumpets
sound;

Apple dumplings roll before him,
Buns and biscuits bark and
bound.

But behind the verdant citrons
Lies a troop of potted prawns;
See them dash from out their
ambush

O'er the tessellated lawns.

With a cry of "Cakes for ever!"

See the cakes withstand their
shock,

While Prince Plum Sultana
seizes,

And, in spite of coughs and
sneezes,

Bears her through the Atlantic
breezes

To his home on Almond Rock.



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels, and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of

this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere, 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'